THE PORT FOLIO.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

.....“ VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULG'D.”
COWPER.

VOL. IV.] [No. 11.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. 86.

They pick up wit as pigeons pick up pease,
In eager haste the jest and bottle seize.

TO SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

SIR,

THE picture of a certain club-room, which lately appeared in your paper, from one of its members, is no doubt a true copy; but I confess my imagination had formed a more flattering one for them, than has been given by their Quixote. It has generally been supposed that this was a *literary* club, although anonymous, and we have thought ourselves indebted to this combination of wits for the flashes which illumine our public prints; but to find, from their own confession, that they are merely *punsters*, is a disappointment, although the brilliant display which appears in the communication of their fellow-member, shews they have by hard study become considerable adepts in the art. The rage for punning, which pervades our city like an epidemic, certainly must have had its origin in this society. This assertion will no doubt be disputed by the lovers of controversy, and friends to importation, who may be bold enough to aver that we have received the infection from Europe; nay swear they have seen the very *letter* which brought the first *pun* from England, and will wish to give to every species of our wit a foreign extraction. But as I am more favourably inclined to American genius I think it very possible, indeed it cannot admit of a doubt, that every individual pun given us by Quixote was really and truly manufactured by the united efforts of the punning-club. Indeed some of them have so *strong* a foundation, from existing and concuring circumstances, as to put it past a doubt. Their attendant genius certainly *counted* upon a pun, when he placed *ten* plates upon the stove, and I dare say this is not the first *good* thing he has put before them, for which he has had as little credit. The club's punning in *Latin* is highly approved; as they will not be generally understood we cannot say they are bad ones. *Classicus* no doubt will give the ladies a liberal translation of the best of them. A *dead* language appears particularly appropriate, where the professed object of the meeting is to *kill* time, and when the *last* words of the members cannot always be expressed in *plain English*. The *Anonymous* club have now got a *name* for wit, but as clubs do not always think it incumbent to support their names, we will not exact too strict an adherence to them. 'Tis said the *Beef-steak club* often feast upon *oysters*; no doubt the *Thinking club talked loudly*, the *Ugly club*, I'll answer for it, often called themselves *pretty boys*; so the *Punning club* may sometimes be at *their wits-end*, and be obliged to have recourse to philosophy, law, politics, the belles-lettres, &c. &c. and, for the sake of a little *small* talk, condescend to converse on the ladies. I should be sorry this was ever to be the case; but, as it may happen, I will make a proposal, which will obviate the necessity of those gentlemen racking their inventions to grind out *puns* for the public, as their time may possibly be more usefully employed.

A lady of considerable talents, but of decayed fortune, who wishes to get into some genteel and reputable way of business, proposes setting up a *punning ware-house*, as the most fashionable article that can be dealt in. She will immediately commence business, provided the *punning club* will permit her to engross the *wholesale* line. It will be *her study* to furnish, at the shortest notice, the most fashionable variety of puns, conundrums, bon-mots, and inuendos, suitable for dinners, suppers, tea-parties, or clubs. Ladies and gentlemen, before they go into company, by calling at Mrs. Readywit's, can *furnish* themselves with witty conceits at a small expense, and without trouble. She will always have on hand a number of *hints* for those persons who may wish to add something of their own. And for young gentlemen just from college, and others, who may wish to shew their learning, she will have a number of *puns* in *Latin* and *Greek*. In this last branch, Mrs. Readywit has the promised assistance of a neighbouring schoolmaster, who will make the children compose them by way of exercises. I hope, Mr. Saunter, you will recommend the above plan to all punsters, and more particularly to the punning club, on whose patronage she chiefly relies.

BEATRICE.

Any of the puns, &c. &c. after being used for a day or an evening, may be returned and exchanged for others, unless so *disfigured* by the *retailing* as to unfit them for further use. No witticisms upon *tongues* or *raisins*, to be had at Mrs. Readywit's shop, they being long since cried down as flat, stale, and unprofitable.

MISCELLANY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

CLIMENOLE.

A REVIEW, POLITICAL AND LITERARY.

NO. 7.

Memorabilia democratica, or the history of democracy. Containing a full and true account of that venerable science. Interspersed with anecdotes, characters and speeches of eminent democrats, ancient and modern. Ornamented with thirty engravings of American democrats, by Slaveslap Kiddnap, Esq. Foolscap, 2 vols. 4to. pp. 1651.

Washington, printed by Samuel H. Smith, for Duane and Cheetham, and Adams and F. Blake, proprietors of the work.

The opinion expressed by Mr. Kiddnap of Catiline, and the comparison he draws between his eloquence and that of the vice-president, have occasioned great surprise as well as jealousy in vulgar democrats. Their minds have so long been accustomed to associate the name of the hero of Sallust with depravity and crime, that they seem startled at the boldness with which our author enters upon his vindication. The friends of Mr. Burr are also, as my letters from New-York assure me, in a state of high irritation. They are convinced that Mr. Kiddnap intended, by connecting Catiline so closely with the vice-president, to sanction an infamous appellation, which the Federalists have long attempted to attach to him. And as they well know the intimacy which has long subsisted between Mr. Kiddnap and Mr. Jefferson, their suspicions have grown very violent; so that some of them have condescended to suggest that the present publication is not altogether without his knowledge, but that it is a part of that system, which the particular friends of the president have devised to make the present coolness, which subsists between those great men, perpetual. I owe it, however, to Mr. Kiddnap to declare, that this last suspicion is wholly without foundation; and if any of his, or of Mr. Jefferson's friends, deem the refutation of so ungenerous an aspersion important, I am ready to make my deposition before any magistrate, they may appoint, that both those gentlemen are guiltless of this publication. In making this offer, I know, that I sacrifice my party feelings, which are abundantly gratified at the dissentions which spring up among democratic leaders; but the interests of truth are, to me, more dear than the interests of any party whatsoever. Besides, if Mr. Burr's friends will look back to the time, when, as I have stated in a former number, it was the intention of our author that his work should come before the public, they will be satisfied that he could have had no intention to sow dissention between those two great men, and their respective adherents; inasmuch as it was committed to the press, in the winter succeeding the election of Mr. Jefferson, in the very honey-moon of his and Mr. Burr's union, long before the coquetry of the Clintonians had made any impression on the susceptible heart of our cooing chief consul.

As to those democrats, who find it difficult to divest themselves of prejudices formed in childhood against certain men of antiquity, who have been unfortunate advocates of democratic principles, they will be disappointed, if they expect Mr. Kiddnap will, on account of their squeamishness, sacrifice the great interests of democracy, or fail in that duty, which, as a faithful historian, he owes to the great characters who have taken the lead in his party in former times, as well as to those of the present day. Mr. Kiddnap has enrolled himself in the service of democracy, not, as most of his party do, to serve a turn, or to gratify a passion, but from principle, research, and affection. He has chosen his system after long deliberation; after painful investigation of ancient and modern history, and after careful collation and comparison of the genius of democracy, in all ages and nations. Like the philosophers and statesmen of antiquity, he has

travelled, in search of truth, into other countries, and made just remarks on the experience of his native land. "I have seen," as he exclaims, exultingly, in one part of the work under review, "I have seen the triumphs of democracy, on the scaffolds of Paris, and on the plains of St. Domingo. I have seen the tempestuous sea of liberty, now tossing its proud waves to the skies, and hurling defiance toward the throne of the almighty; now sinking into its native abyss, and opening to view its unhallowed caverns, the dark abodes of filth and falsehood, and rapine and wretchedness. I have seen thousands of headless human trunks, the victims of its fury, buoyant on its billow, black with their clotted gore. I have seen death in all its sanguinary forms, stalk on the whirlwind which upturned the foundations of this tumultuous deep. From the top of Monticello, by the side of the great Jefferson, I have watched its wild uproar, while we philosophised together on its sublime horrors. There, safe from the surge, in company with Gallatin and Randolph, Munroe and Nicholson, at the command of our speculative host, I have quaffed the high crowned cup to this exhilirating toast,—*To YON TEMPESTUOUS SEA OF LIBERTY.....MAY IT NEVER BE CALM.*"

Before such a mind, as this extract shows Mr. Kiddnap to possess, rich in the stores of ancient and modern learning, and steeled by long intimacy with democratic engines and processes, the prejudices of education, which terrify weak democrats, vanish. The principles of human conduct, the sources of human passions, lie open to the view of such an understanding. It sees the *real distinctions* on which the classifications of character depend. If democratic virtues perish upon a gibbet, it dares to rescue their fame from the ignominy of the law. Aloof from the circumstances which, in the estimation of common minds, disgrace their subject, it makes the rack extend the fame as well as the limbs of the sufferer, uses the axe of justice, which terminated the career of a democrat, to raise a monument to his memory, and slipping the halter from the neck forms it into an immortal wreath for the temples of oppressed humanity. But the views and opinions of Mr. Kiddnap will be better learnt from his work, than from any general description. In the chapter, from which so large an extract was taken, in our last number, he thus expresses himself.

"Let no man think that I have dwelt thus at large on the character of this eminent man, (Catiline), from ostentatious motives; to display my reading, or my classical acquaintance. My sole view, in this examination, has been to rescue past patriots from infamy, and to give a lesson to those of the present day. The great republicans of antiquity, among whom Catiline has, undoubtedly, the first rank, did labour with no less assiduity and sincerity than those, now at the head of affairs, in the United States, to place all things on a democratic basis. They had, also, for a short time, in their respective countries, the exclusive management of public affairs. In talents they were certainly not inferior to the great men of our party, now on the stage. In opportunities for permanent establishment of the democratic system, they were often much more highly favoured than those of our day have ever been. The ends, at which they aimed, were as definite, and the means as wisely devised and as boldly executed, as any we have imagined. Indeed, in the machinery to which they and we have been obliged to resort, in order to move that inert mass, with which all democrats are condemned to operate, there is a similarity, which, allowing only for the inevitable variation of political fashions, at different periods of society, amounts to identity. Yet the fates of these great patriotic democrats of antiquity are familiarly known to us all. Their lives were for the most part terminated miserably, in ignominy or contempt. Their memories are, even at this day, the hacknied topic of scorn for every pedant, and of detestation to every school boy. I pray, therefore, my democratic friends to reflect on these facts, and now, while the means are in their hands, to prepare their cause to appear before the bar of posterity; for they may be assured, that, if they let slip the present opportunity, their names and conduct will be arraigned, by some aristocratic Sallust, before that dreadful tribunal, at a time when they will neither be able to find an advocate, nor to pay one, should he be found. In which case, I see nothing to hinder our Jeffersons and Burrs, our Gallatins, Livingstons, and Lions, from being placed, in the estimation of future ages, on the same floor of democratic citizenship with Cethegus and Catiline, Spartacus, Anthony and Thersites. These are not the terrors of a disordered fancy. I have brought the affinity of the fates and characters of these ancient and modern patriots to a philosophic test, which, howsoever much vulgar minds may be disposed to ridicule it, has produced, in mine, the most alarming conviction. In my youth I was educated in the science of judicial astrology, and I have, in the course of a long life, had frequent occasions to be convinced of the importance and truth of that ancient, but neglected, science. To satisfy myself, therefore, of the fortunes of men, in whom I have such a great personal and political interest, I cast a horoscope of the positions of the planets and constellations at the seasons of the respective nativities of the great men above named. My surprise was scarcely less than my alarm at the result. For I found that on the birth-day of our illustrious Jefferson, as also on that of Cethegus, the *Hare* and the *Hydra* were in present conjunction. When Burr and when Catiline came into the world, *the Fox* and *the Serpent* were ascendant. At the moment of the birth of Gallatin and Spartacus *the heart of the Scorpion* was in right aspect with the *Wolf's jaw*. The *canis* and *ursa major* were in hostile aspect on the nativity of Thersites and Matthew Lion; while on that of chancellor Livingston and Mark Anthony there was a singular coincidence of the star in *the eye of the bull*, with that under the *goat's tail*."

As the following paragraph closes that chapter, from which I have extracted so largely in this and the preceding number, and as it both displays the extensive acquaintance of Mr. Kiddnap with the great men of his party in the United States, and also introduces to our knowledge a new democratic leader, whose name, as far as I can learn, has never been mentioned, either in print or in private conversation, on this side of the Delaware. I shall present it to the public without other apology or remark.

"From what I have written, in this chapter, on the fates of ancient democrats, and the use I have been obliged to make of ancient authors, I fear lest a conclusion be drawn in favour of Grecian and Roman learning. I, therefore, beg leave to declare my perfect coincidence in opinion with the great men, now at the head of affairs, in the United States, who, from a laudable jealousy for their own times, are unremiting in their labours to bring Greek and Roman science into universal neglect and disrepute. I had the misfortune to have that kind of knowledge whipped into me when I was a boy, and since I have become a man, although I have taken great pains, I could never get wholly rid of it. But certainly it never was, and never can be, of material advantage to a republican. A man is not a whit the better patriot for possessing it. He can neither turn a paragraph in the Aurora, nor raise a clap in the state-house yard, with any more ease, for having at command those accomplishments, as they are called. I was confirmed in these opinions, on a tour which I made to the eastern states, in the year 1795, to encourage the opposition to Mr. Jay's treaty. At that time I formed an acquaintance with a Mr. ————, a most worthy democrat, of great renown in the city of Boston and its suburbs, although his fame has not yet, through various cross incidents, reached us here in Virginia. I found this gentleman destitute not only of Greek and Roman learning, but also of every thing which goes, generally, in the world, by the name of knowledge and science. Yet was he a most true and inveterate democrat; and at that time, in conversations, and since by various communications, I have received, from him, great comfort and light, in my researches into the origin and genius of democracy. An assistance which I can never forget, and for which I thus publicly tender him the homage of my thankful acknowledgments. This gentleman assured me that he never could be prevailed upon to carry his pursuit of the Latin language farther than the story of *the frogs* in Æsop's Fables. 'When I found,' said he, 'those animals enjoying a true democracy, and altogether as capable, as appears by their history, to choose a moderator, and maintain an orderly and rational discussion, as was at a Boston town-meeting, yet, setting so little value on their natural rights and liberties, and having so small a regard to the freedom of their posterity, as to demand a *king* from Jupiter, I threw down the book in disgust, and would never attempt the Latin language afterwards. As to the Greek,' continued he, 'my parents prohibited my master from instructing me in it, before I had attained two thirds of the alphabet. For being naturally of a weak constitution, and of a foreboding imagination, I was thrown into convulsions at the sight of the letter *p* (π) which looked so much like a gallows as to excite in my mind the most gloomy apprehensions. To this machine I have always had a strange aversion; which is one reason, among many others, for my anxiety that the guillotine should come into general use, in the United States, and supersede the necessity of an instrument for which I have an unaccountable antipathy.' I adduce this as a strong argument to show the little value of what the Federalists call learning and science are to a democratic leader. For this gentleman, as a letter, under his own hand, dated the tenth of October last (1801) declares, has been more than seventeen years busied principally in the glorious work of propagating democracy. 'During this period,' he writes, 'I have published three thousand three hundred and forty regular essays in the Chronicle; besides paragraphs and *jeu d'esprits* innumerable. I have also delivered two hundred and ninety-one set speeches in Faneueil-Hall, none of them less than forty minutes in length, in addition to which I have made an infinity of motions and replies of which I have no account. By my writings, in the Chronicle, I did much to excite that noble exertion of democratic energies, which the Federalists denominate Shay's rebellion. Of what service I was to the whisky insurrections, Mr. Gallatin, with whom I have frequently communicated on that subject, well knows. And now, Mr. Kiddnap, I beg you to assure Mr. Jefferson, that I am ready, at a moment's warning, to turn my hand to any like work, he may cut out for me.' How all these noble exertions in the cause of democratic liberty, could have been made by one ignorant of all the languages except the vernacular, and deficient in law, physic, divinity, mathematics, metaphysics and logic, by one whom the world would call grossly illite-

rate, I shall, hereafter, explain in my forty-sixth chapter, which treats of arts and sciences strictly democratic. In these Mr. —— is a monument of proficiency. He is also far advanced toward that all important perception, which is, indeed, the key-stone of all democratic acquirements, in these states, and which consists in a deep sense of the utter deficiency of mental power in the north, and in an entire acquiescence in the ascendancy of southern genius. On this account Mr. —— has become the butt of Federal malignity, which, among other insults, has travestied to his disadvantage four celebrated lines, in the following manner:

> Virginian patriots, when this tool they saw,
> Chaunting their triumphs o'er our union's law,
> Admir'd such fawning in an eastern shape,
> And patted —— as we pat an ape.

Notwithstanding such abuse, this ardent republican is steady to his belief, that, with a very few exceptions, there is neither sense nor genius above the fortieth degree of North latitude. But, I must return from this digression. Of all the ancient writers, Homer is the most celebrated, and he is, also, in a republican government, the most dangerous; insomuch that it well becomes the wisdom of our national legislature to devise ways and means to drive his writings out of the country. For it is very apparent, that the whole aim of that writer is, to elevate the monarchic and aristocratic interests, on the ruin of the democratic. Hence the reason is very obvious, why his admirers, almost exclusively, belong to the two first classes, while persons in the last, have scarcely any relish for them. I recollect but one town meeting, in the whole Iliad, and, on that occasion, the poet takes care to suffer the democratic orator to be treated, in the most brutal manner. I beg the attention of my readers to the story. The Greeks, it seems, had been nine long years, besieging Troy, to gratify the ambition, or the lust, of eight or ten kings and aristocrats. As the chance of success was every day diminishing, the republicans of the army began very naturally and properly to murmur. In other words, *they looked on the bloody Arena, spread before them, with commiseration and with no other wish than to see it closed.* Being in this humour, they were called together, by their leader, and, on a hint given, that they might go home, if they would, all the republicans began to pack up their baggage and run for the ships. At this moment, one Ulysses, a great aristocrat, and a king, into the bargain, flew out upon them and rated the unhappy citizen soldiers, in a manner so abusive and scandalous, that Homer ought to have been ashamed to relate it; as also ought Mr. Pope, to translate it; in the following bold and coarse language.

> "But, if a clamorous, vile plebeian rose,
> Him, with reproof, he check'd, or tam'd with blows.
> Be still, thou slave, and to thy betters yield,
> Unknown, alike, in council and in field!
> Ye Gods! what dastards would our host command,
> Swept to the war, the lumber of a land!
> Be silent, wretch, and think not here allow'd
> THAT WORST OF TYRANTS, AN USURPING CROWD."

I desire to know in what work, or language, there was ever made a more cruel attack on the democratic interest, than is contained in the above remarkable extract. But the malignity of the poet is not satiated by railing in this general way. He descends to individuals. Thersites, a great man in the camp, a faithful leader of the republicans, and a famous town meeting orator, had the boldness to take this opportunity to address his fellow-citizens of the Greek army, and to tell them some wholesome and popular truths, in a style of manly eloquence, which would do honour to the most distinguished democrat, in the United States. This so enraged Ulysses, that he sprung upon him, like a tyger, and, after abundance of abuse, was guilty of as aggravated an assault and battery, as was ever committed, before, or since.

> "He said, and, cowering, as the dastard bends,
> The weighty sceptre on his back descends,
> On the round bunch, the bloody tumours rise,
> The tears spring, starting from his haggard eyes,
> Trembling he sat, and, sunk in abject fears,
> From his vile visage, wip'd the scalding tears."

I have often read the above account to my friend Matthew Lion. This amiable man could never refrain from crying, in company, with Thersites, on the occasion, as, he assured me, the story brought to his mind the most melancholy recollections. And he has often expressed his regret, that there was no such thing, at hand, in the Grecian camp, as *a pair of tongs*, with which the democratic hero might have defended himself, on such an emergency. My friend Mr. ——, above named, is of a different opinion. He thinks that the democrat behaved with great prudence, in taking the beating so patiently; as he has no doubt, but that Thersites 'took the law of' Ulysses, and, on account of his peaceable demeanour recovered proportionably heavy damages. These, in the estimation of my friend, are a full equivalent for any beating whatsoever.'

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FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Scribimus indocti doctique poemata passim. HOR.

From the general inattention to the strict meaning of words, has, I think, arisen, the abuse which is lavished on Jealousy. We read in the works of those who best understood the nature of the passions which agitate the human frame, of 'savage jealousy' of 'green-eyed jealousy,' and numerous similar epithets, which in my humble opinion are not merited.

If I were asked to define this passion I should describe it, as that disagreeable sensation which arises in the mind, at seeing the favours of those whom we love bestowed on others. This is the meaning which Shakspeare attached to it when one of his lovers talks of a 'kind of godly jealousy' which he intreats his mistress to call 'a virtuous sin.' This is the interpretation which has always appeared to me as the proper one—and in this sense surely jealousy cannot be condemned.

Henry was young and generous. He was ever anxious to serve his friends, and he was not implacable toward his enemies. In his principles he was bigotted to those of what is termed the Old School. From his youth he had shewn little inclination to participate in the boisterous pastime of his class-mates. Providence had bestowed on him a keen taste for literature and an unconquerable ambition of literary eminence. He was intimate with most of the English poets, and he was not ignorant of many of those of Rome. The constant perusal of these authors had rendered him extremely susceptible of the 'soft passion of love.' From them he derived an exalted opinion of the female sex. To that sex he thought we were indebted for all the felicity which we enjoy on this side the eternal bourne. After having thought himself in love with many, he at length denied that he loved one. He was introduced to Lucy at a friend's house and soon entered into a conversation with her. He was delighted to find that the charms of her mind were no less fascinating than those of her person—and that he had met with one female who possessed other topics of conversation than the weather, and the approaching nuptials.

Henry absolutely shut up his books to pay her a visit on the following morning, and he thought he discovered new sources of admiration in her character. The progress of love is in all hearts not tardy; in that of Henry it was particularly rapid. Cupid could describe his victory with as much brevity as Cæsar. Henry saw—he admired—he loved, and he soon asked Lucy's permission to add—he married.

Henry's books were now entirely neglected, and his pen only endited verses to his mistress. He did not, however hang them on trees, 'in witness of his love,' but he gave them to the muse who inspired them, and was rewarded with her approbation. But love is full of jealousy, and every smile of Lucy's which was not directed to him created a new rival. This disposition is to be regretted as unfortunate, but it ought not to be stigmatized as savage. It proceeded, in him not from a distrust of her integrity, but from an uxoriousness of her favour. It was a godly sin.

Lucy coquetted with others at first merely to teize her lover. But what is frequently affected may become a habit, and that habit may be too convenient to be *put off*. After a long and unwearied perseverance to obtain her affection, in which he had once succeeded, Henry experienced the bitter mortification of seeing Lucy, to whose improvement he had devoted many anxious hours—the wife of another. He had nurtured the bud, and the blossom was plucked from him.

Henry's love though easy to be inflamed, was difficult to be extinguished.

He still lives, but his heart is broken. In the interstices of business, he meditates on his blasted prospects, and curses the fickleness of women.

Let me intreat those who may feel any interest in this imperfect sketch, if they be females to promise with sincerity and to act with consistency. Let them be told that the greatest favour they can confer on one who aspires to their hand, is to deny it peremptorily or to grant it absolutely. If they be men let them rely on such promises with confidence, and not too easily resign themselves to distrust.

SEDLEY.

BIOGRAPHY.

LIFE OF CHRISTOPHER SMART.

[*Concluded.*]

In this melancholy state, his family (for he had now two children) must have been much embarassed in their circumstances, but for the kind friendship and assistance of Mr. Newbery.

Many others of his friends were likewise forward in their services; particularly Dr. Johnson and Sir John Hussey Delaval, Bart, the present Lord Delaval, to whom he was private tutor in college; and who showed him, upon various occasions, particular instances of his regard.

It was at the request of Sir John, that he wrote a Prologue and Epilogue to the Tragedy of Othello, acted at Drury-Lane, by several persons of quality, 1751; the parts of Iago and Othello being filled by Sir John, and his brother Sir Francis Blake Delaval.

Mrs. Smart seems to have made an attempt at this period, to settle in Dublin, with a view to provide for her family, by engaging in business; probably without success. 'I wish,' Dr Johnson writes her 'it was in my power to make Ireland please you better; and whatever is in my power, you may always command. I shall be glad to hear from you the history of your management, whether you have a house or a shop, and what companions you have found.'

After an interval of little more than two years, he appeared to be pretty well restored; and was accordingly set at liberty; but his mind had received a shock, from which it never entirely recovered. He took a pleasant lodging in the neighbourhood of St. James's Park; conducting his affairs, for some time, with sufficient prudence. He was maintained partly by his literary compositions, and partly by the generosity of his friends, receiving, among other benefactions, fifty pounds a year from the Treasury.

Of the state of his mind, and of his modes of life at this period, Dr. Hawkesworth gives the following account, in a letter to Mrs. Hunter, one of his sisters.

'I have, since my being in town, called on my old friend, and seen him. He received me with an ardour of kindness natural to the sensibility of his temper; and all were soon seated together by his fire-side. I perceived upon his table a quarto book, in which he had been writing, a prayer-book, and a Horace. After the first compliments, I said I had been at Margate, had seen his mother and his sister, who expressed great kindness for him, and made me promise to come and see him. To this he made no reply; nor did he make any inquiry after those I mentioned. He did not even mention the place, nor ask me any question about it, or what carried me thither. After some pause, and some indifferent chat, I returned to the subject, and said, that Mr. Hunter and you would be very glad to see him in Kent. To this he replied very quick, 'I cannot afford to be idle.' I said he might employ his mind as well in the country as in town; at which he only shook his head, and I entirely changed the subject. Upon my asking him when we should see the Psalms, he said they were going to press immediately: as to his other undertakings, I found he had completed a translation of Phædrus, in verse, for Dodsley, at a certain price; and that he is now busy in translating all Horace into verse; which he sometimes thinks of publishing on his own account, and sometimes of contracting for it with a bookseller. I advised him to the latter; and he then told me he was in treaty about it, and believed it would be a bargain. He told me, his principal motive for translating Horace into verse, was to supersede the prose translation, which he did for Newbery; which, he said, would hurt his memory. He intends, however, to review that translation, and print it at the foot of the page in his poetical version; which he proposes to print in quarto, with the Latin, both in verse and prose, on the opposite page. He told me he once had thoughts of publishing it by subscription; but as he had troubled his friends already, he was unwilling to do it again; and had been persuaded to publish it in numbers; which, though I rather dissuaded him, seemed at last to be the prevailing bent of his mind. He read me some of it: it is very clever; and his own poetical fire sparkles in it very frequently; yet, upon the whole, it will scarcely take place of Francis's; and therefore, if it is not adopted as a school book, which, perhaps, may be the case, it will turn to little account. Upon mentioning his prose translation, I saw his countenance kindle; and, snatching up the book, 'what,' says he, 'do you think I had for this?' I said I could not tell. 'Why,' says he with great indignation, 'thirteen pounds.' I expressed very great astonishment, which he seemed to think he should increase, by adding—'but I gave a receipt for a hundred.' My astonishment was now over; and I found that he received only thirteen pounds, because the rest had been advanced for his family. This was a tender point; and I found means immediately to divert him from it. He is with very decent people, in a house most delightfully situated, with a terras that overlooks St. James's Park, and a door into it. He was going to dine with an old friend of my own, Mr. Richard Dalton, who has an appointment in the King's Library; and if I had not been particularly engaged, I would have dined with him. He had lately received a very genteel letter from Dr. Lowth, and it is by no means considered in any light, that his company as a gentleman, a scholar, and a genius, is less desirable.'

In 1759, Garrick made him an offer of a free benefit at Drury-Lane theatre, which his friends did not permit him to refuse. Upon this occasion, Garrick's farce of 'The Guardian' was acted for the first time, in which he himself performed the principal character.

In 1763, he published 'A Song to David, written during his confinement; when he was denied the use of pen, ink, and paper, and was obliged to indent his lines with the end of a key upon the wainscot.'

The same year he published two small quarto pamphlets, intitled, Poems, and Poems on Several Occasions; and, the year following, Hannah, an Oratorio, 4to; and an Ode to the Earl of Northumberland, on his being appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, with some other pieces, 4to.

In 1765, he published A New version of the Psalms, 4to, and A Poetical Translation of the Fables of Phædrus, 12mo, which were followed by The Parables, in familiar verse, 12mo. 1768.

In the course of a few years, his economy forsook him, and he was confined for debt in the King's-Bench prison; the rules of which he afterwards obtained, by the kindness of his brother-in-law, Mr. Thomas Carnan. He appears to have been in extreme distress, by a letter of his to the Rev. Mr. Jackson, not long before his death. 'Being upon the recovery from a fit of illness, and having nothing to eat, I beg you to lend me two or three shillings, which (God willing) I will return, with many thanks, in two or three days.'

At length, after suffering the accumulated miseries of poverty, disease, and insanity, he died of a disorder in his liver, May 21, 1771, in the 49th year of his age; leaving behind him two daughters, who, with his widow, are settled at Reading, in Berkshire; and by their prudent management of a business transferred to them by Mr. Newbery, are in good circumstances.

A select collection of his Poems, consisting of his Prize Poems, Odes, Sonnets, and Fables, Latin and English Translations, together with many original Composition, not included in the Quarto Edition, to which is prefixed an Account of his Life, &c. was printed at Reading, by Smart and Cowslade, in 2 vols. 12mo, 1791. Besides the Poetical Translations, which he published in his life-time, and the Works of Horace in English Metre, which he proposed to print in 4to; the pieces omitted in this edition of his works, are chiefly the Song to David, and some pieces in the two small 4to. pamphlets, which were written after his confinement, and bear, for the most part, melancholy proofs of the recent estrangement of his mind.

Among the pieces not included in the 4to. edition, or published separately, are, An Ode on a Young Lady's Birth-day; Imitation of Horace on taking a Bachelor's Degree; Ode on St. Cecilia's Day; Reason and Imagination, a Fable; New Version of the 148th Psalm; Ode to Lord Barnard; Ode to Lady Harriot; the Sweets of Evening; Ode to a Virginia Nightingale; Epigram from Martial; On a Lady throwing Snow Balls at her Lover, from Petronius Ascanius; and Sixteen Fables, chiefly written for The Student and The Old Woman's Magazine.

It is not easy to account for the works of Smart not being included in the collection of the 'Works of the English Poets,' whose lives were written by Dr. Johnson, who had a friendship for him. Dr. Johnson, however, frequently declared, that the choice of poets, for whose works he had agreed to write biographical prefaces, was not his own; and yet, as he condescended to ask a place for Pomfret, Yalden, Blackmore, and Watts, poor Smart had an equal claim to his notice, from piety, and from genius; but, perhaps the copy-right of his scattered productions could not be easily settled. Even his best pieces, though admirable, have not often been honoured with a place in favourite Collections of Poems. He was too poor an author to bestow, and perhaps he had no ambition to share in the triumph of those who, for the most part, write pieces more for their own diversion than for that of the public. His way of living, from hand to mouth, depending always on the product of his desultory pen, appropriated to no regular nor profitable purpose, and on the liberality of his friends, was not likely to procure for him that public respect from his contemporaries, which sweetens a man's life, however useless it may be to his works after his death.

The works of Smart, reprinted from the edition 1791, with some additions and corrections are now received, for the first time, into a collection of classical English poetry. The Song to David is highly worthy of republication; and was recommended by the present writer to be inserted in this edition; but a copy could not be obtained for that purpose. The slight defects, and singularities of this neglected performance, are amply compensated by a grandeur, a majesty of thought, and a happiness of expression, in several of the stanzas.

The character of this unfortunate poet, compounded like that of all human beings, of good qualities and of defects, may be easily collected from this account of his life. Of his domestic manners and petty habits, a few peculiarities remain to be mentioned.

Though he was a very diligent student while he was at Cambridge, he was also extremely fond of exercise, and of walking in particular; at which times it was his custom to pursue his meditations. A fellow student remembers a path worn by his constant treading on the pavement, under the cloisters of his college. Like Milton and Gray, he had his moments propitious to invention; and has been frequently known to rise suddenly from his bed, that he might fix by writing those delightful ideas which floated before his fancy in the visions of the night.

His piety was exemplary, and fervent. In composing his religious poems, he was frequently so impressed with the sentiments of devotion, as to write particular passages on his knees.

He was friendly, affectionate, and liberal to excess; so as often to give that to others, of which he was in the utmost want himself. He was also particularly engaging in conversation, when his first shiness was worn away, which he had in common with literary men; but in a very remarkable degree. Having undertaken to introduce his wife to Lord Darlington, he had no sooner mentioned her name to his Lordship, than he retreated suddenly, as if stricken with a panic, from the room, and from the house, leaving her to follow overwhelmed with confusion.

During the far greater part of his life, he was wholly inattentive to economy; and by this negligence lost his fortune, and then his credit. The civilities shown him by persons greatly his superiors in rank and character, either induced

him to expect mines of wealth from the exertion of his talents, or encouraged him to think himself exempted from attention to common obligations.

But his chief fault, from which most of his other faults proceeded, was his deviations from the rules of sobriety; of which the early use of cordials, in the infirm state of his childhood and his youth, might, perhaps, be one cause, and is the only extenuation.

As a poet, his genius has never been questioned by those who censured his carelessness, and commiserated the unhappy vacillation of his mind. He is sometimes not only greatly irregular, but irregularly great. His errors are those of a bold and daring spirit, which bravely hazards, what a vulgar mind could never suggest. Shakspeare and Milton are sometimes wild and irregular; and it seems as if originality alone could try experiments. Accuracy is timid, and seeks for authority. Fowls of feeble wing seldom quit the ground, though at full liberty; while the eagle, unrestrained, soars into unknown regions.

He is a various, and original, but unequal writer. Every species of poetry, not even excepting the epic, has been attempted by him, and most of them with eminent success.

His fine poems on the Divine Attributes, are written with the sublimest energies of religion, and the true enthusiasm of poetry; and if he had written nothing else, these compositions alone would have given him a very distinguished rank among the writers of verse. Their faults, though numerous, are amply compensated by their beauties. Some of their defects may be fairly ascribed to redundance of genius, and impatience of labour; others to fanaticism, generated, perhaps, by the grandeur of the subject; on which he strained his faculties, in trying to penetrate 'beyond the reach of human ken,'—but he never could mount 'to the height of his great argument.' Dr. Johnson, in speaking of sacred poetry, in his life of Waller, has admirably said, that 'whatever is great, desirable, or tremendous, is comprised in the name of the Supreme Being. Omnipotence cannot be exalted; infinity cannot be amplified; perfection cannot be improved.' Upon the whole, however, his prize poems are more accurate than the generality of his performances; which may be attributed to the deference he might feel from those persons who were to adjudge the prizes which he obtained.

Of his Odes it may be said, in general, that they are spirited and poetical. It will be difficult to find any other quality equally applicable to compositions very different from each other; and in many of which opposite characters occasionally predominate, He has followed the example of Horace, rather than that of the Grecian models; and of him he is, for the most part, a judicious imitator. Some of the shorter pieces are beautiful, and nearly perfect; but instances of an improper association of the grave and the ludicrous, sometimes occur, and he debases, by an impure admixture, what otherwise would have been gold of the standard value. The Ode to Idleness possesses the elegance of Sappho; and that to Ethelinda, the sprightliness of Anacreon. The Ode on St. Cecilia's Day, inferior only to the great model by Dryden, is dignified throughout, and breathes the true spirit of poetry. The Hymn to the Supreme Being, on Recovery from Sickness, is pious, animated, and pathetic. The Ode on Good-Nature is full of elegance, and that on Ill-Nature full of force. The Morning Piece is uniformly beautiful; the description of Labour is eminently happy.

Strong Labour got up—with his pipe in his mouth,
He stoutly strode over the dale, &c.

The lines were misprinted in the 4to edition.

Strong Labour *got up with his pipe in his mouth*,
And stoutly, &c.

The correction was advertised immediately after the publication of the first edition; but the blunder has been retained in the edition 1791. The poet did not mean to insinuate, that Labour had slept with his pipe in his mouth, which must have been the case, if he got up with it in that situation. In the Night-Piece, the images of Night, and her attendants, Stillness and Silence, are highly painted. The Noon-Piece is beautifully descriptive. The imitation of Horace, on taking a Bachelor's Degree, is spirited and pleasant. The Ode on the Birth-Day of a Beautiful Young Lady, is highly poetical: its chief blemish is the too frequent and affected use of alliteration. It was written on Miss Harriot Pratt of Durham, in Norfolk, a lady for whom Smart had entertained a long and unsuccessful passion; who was the subject also of the crambo ballad, and other verses among his poems. Of the rest, the odes On an Eagle confined in a Cage; To Lord Barnard; To Lady Harriot; To the Earl of Northumberland; To a Virginia Nightingale; The Sweets of Evening; New Version of the CXLVIIIth Psalm,' deserve particular commendation.

On the Hop-Garden much commendation cannot justly be conferred; and the praise which is withheld from the poetry, will not be very cheerfully lavished on the instructions. But the roughness and the want of dignity in the blank verse, and the want of previous information on the art of which he treats, are to be ascribed, not to want of genius, but to want of diligence and care; for he never had patience nor application sufficient to bring a long work to any degree of perfection. There are, however, a great many truly poetical strokes in this Georgic, and whole pages that abound with beauty.

His mock heroic poem, the Hilliad, may afford entertainment to those who care little about the hero of the poem, or the subject of the quarrel. Compositions of this class, as they gratify malignity, are usually read with avidity on their first appearance; but, without uncommon merit, they quickly sink into oblivion. The spirit and loftiness of some of the lines, the happy imitations of the 'Dunciad,' and the wit and humour of the notes, deserve great praise; but the abuse is coarse, and the scurrility is a disgrace to the republic of letters.

His Judgment of Midas, a masque, or dramatic pastoral, is a classical and elegant performance. It is executed throughout in a masterly manner. It has none of those glaring inaccuracies which disgrace some of his other pieces. The description of Midas following Pan, is full of poetry, as well as spirit. The address of Timolus to the inanimate things about him, on the approach of the gods, has great dignity and propriety, as well as beauty. The first stanza of the song to Pan has great softness and great elegance. But dramatic pastorals, even if the generally interesting topic of love be superadded, will not greatly entertain without their proper embellishments, acting and music.

His Fables rank with the most agreeable metrical compositions of that kind in our language. His versification is less polished, and his apologues, in general, are perhaps less correct than those of Gay or Moore; but in originality, in wit, and in humour, the preference seems due to Smart. They unite the grace and ease of Prior with the humour of Swift; and to these is superadded a very considerable portion of poetical spirit. The introductory lines of almost all the fables are singularly ingenious and happy; and in the course of each, the second line of most couplets generally presents us with an independent new idea. The best and most serious of these playful compositions is, doubtless, Care and Generosity. It is one of the most beautiful allegories that has ever been imagined. The Bag-Wig and the Tobacco Pipe, Madam and the Magpie, Reason and Imagination, The Herald and the Husbandman, deserve particular commendation. The Citizen and the Red Lion of Brentford,, may be thought to transgress the limits of mythological probability; but a dialogue between a man and a painted board, may be forgiven for its humour. The Brocaded Gown and Linen Rag, contains liberal praises of his poetical contemporaries, Akenside, Collins, Gray, and Mason. The Pig is a very exact and beautiful translation of the same story in Phædrus. If in any instances the modern is surpassed by the most charming fabulist of antiquity, for which, perhaps, the Roman is not a little indebted to the superior force and conciseness of the language in which he wrote, in others the original is undoubtedly rivalled, if not excelled, and obtains at last a doubtful victory.

His Ballads, and Epigrams, &c. like his other productions, bear the stamp of originality, of wit, and of pleasantry. The Force of Innocence is more serious, and is an elegant application of the Integer Vitæ of Horace, to female virtue. Sweet William, The Lass with the Golden Locks, The Decision, Lovely Harriot, a crambo ballad, Jenny Gray, are generally known and admired. The epigrams of 'The Physician and the Monkey, Apollo and Daphne, are sprightly and elegant, and the imitations of Martial and Petronius Ascanius have considerable merit. In the Horatian Canons of Friendship, the sentiments of Horace, Lib. 1. Sat. 3. are successfully accommodated to recent facts and familiar images.

Though Smart, if placed like his friend Garrick in the picture, between Tragedy and Comedy, would more incline to the laughter-loving dame than the goddess of tears; some of his serious pieces, besides those on religious subjects, manifest and excite feeling in an eminent degree. The little poem 'On the Death of Mr. Newbery, after a lingering illness, must touch every reader of sensibility. In the Epitaph on the Rev. Mr. Reynolds, at St. Peter's, in the Isle of Thanet, the thoughts and the words in which they are clothed seem to breathe the true spirit of poetical pathos.

In the first rank of the elegant writers of Latin, among our English poets, Jonson, May, Crashaw, Cowley, Milton, Marvell, Addison, Gray, Warton, &c. Smart stands very high. His translation of Pope's Ode on St. Cecilia's Day, is at once elegant and appropriate. He equals his original in the sublimest passages, except only the third stanza; and to the ballad and epigrammatic stanzas gives dignity and grace. The vulgar lines which describe the power of Styx over the enthralled Eurydice, and the superior power of music and of love, are translated with truth and beauty. It has been objected, and with some reason, to Smart's translation, that it exhibits a variety of metres unauthorised by any single example among the Latin poets. But had he, too timid to pursue the rapid flights and wild genius of his original, confined himself to the regular recurrence of the Roman stanza, his imitation would not have been exact, and probably would not have been interesting. The opinion of the public has fully justified the choice of Smart.

In his version of Pope's Essay on Criticism, he is a very diligent imitator of the epistolary style of Horace; and we shall find him carefully

following the footsteps of his master, where we might otherwise have been disposed to suspect the purity of his language. To the labours of Smart those persons chiefly are indebted, who, being unacquainted with the English tongue, wish to see Pope's just rules of taste, embellished indeed with his powers of poetry, though appearing with less gloss and lustre through the medium of translation. In the famous lines intended as an echo to the sense, he has laboured through a very painful task, with considerable dexterity; and in the beautiful picture of the reign of Leo, of Vida, and of the Arts, no foreigner need regret that he is unacquainted with Pope.

His version of Milton's L'Allegro, exhibits the exquisite poetry and brilliant imagery of one of the first descriptive poems in the English language, in appropriate diction, and legitimate verse. The title of the poem, perhaps, might have been more happily expressed in Greek, than by 'Ο Παιγνιωδης.

His translation of Fanny Blooming Fair, is a professed imitation of the manner of Vincent Bourne, and is not without a considerable portion of the perspicuity of contexture, facility, fluency, delicacy, simplicity, and elegance, which characterise the compositions of that amiable and ingenious poet; but it is inferior to his admirable version of Mallet's 'William and Margaret.'

His Tripos-poems may be justly considered as legitimate classical compositions. They are the production of a mind deeply tinctured with the excellencies of ancient literature, and attentive both to the substantial parts, and to the decorations of poetry. In boldness of invention, felicity of description, and strength and elegance of diction, they are not surpassed by the hexametic poetry of Milton and Gray. The Temple of Dullness, in particular, exhibits such beauties of personification, as only the richest and most vivid imagination could supply. His personification of Stupor, Sophistica, Mathesis Microphile, and Atheia, abound with the most poetical imagery, delivered in language that will abide the test of criticism.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ORIGINAL LETTERS

FROM DR. FRANKLIN, SILAS DEANE, ARTHUR LEE, &c.

[Continued.]

Hotel de Parliament d'Anglettere, Oct. 18. 1780.

Mr. Searle, of America, presents his respectful compliments to Mons. Dumas, he has the pleasure to send M. Dumas three packets from America, and one from Dr. Franklin, with which he had the honour of being charged. Mr. S. leaves the Hague to-morrow morning for Amsterdam.

Amsterdam, October 25, 1780.

MY DEAR SIR,

I received your very agreeble letters of the eighteenth and twenty third, in the first of which you were so kind as to forward me a letter which gave me much pleasure, it was from M. de Vergennes. I observe what you say with respect to the P. amb. who is now in England, and we shall wait his return.

I wish, as you write in English, you would be so kind to continue your correspondence in that way, more especially as you write it with so great propriety and exactness; I am the more solicitous for this as I confess that I find myself at a loss to comprehend some parts of your last letter, which seems to be very interesting, and which is of a nature not to be communicated by me to a third person for explanation.

have the pleasure to tell you that both Mr. A. and myself have this day received letters from Philadelphia, of the eighth of September, which are very pleasing, and I expect we shall in a few days be able to contradict, in great measure, the late publications in the English papers respecting the affair with Cornwallis and Gates. It appears that the English did certainly gain some advantage in that affair, but it was very trifling, both in itself and in its consequences.

I firmly believe that at best Cornwallis is at this moment closely besieged in Charlestown, and that we shall have pleasing accounts from that quarter very soon. We have also reason to believe, from our letters, that Clinton himself is not in a very agreeable situation at New-York at this moment, but a little time will discover more of the matter. I shall, you may be assured, make the earliest communications to you of any thing I may have authentic, that you may have an opportunity of conveying it to Monsieur le duc de la Vauguyon.

You will please to present my most humble respects to Madame and Mademoiselle, of whose extreme politeness I have a very lively sense.

I am, with very great respect,
Dear sir,
Your sincere and obedient
Friend and servant,

T. SEARLE.

—

Madrid, October 25, 1780.

DEAR SIR,

Your letter of the fourth instant gave me much pleasure, and contained important information for which I thank you. Before this reaches you, you must have received several from me, one of which must convince you that I must love the man to whom I open my heart. I think the uniformity of my conduct, since my first acquaintance with you, must put this out of doubt with you. My anxiety for your situation is lessened somewhat, when I reflect on your services and endeavours to serve the common cause. I heard of the sailing of Mr. Laurens when I wrote last, which, in some measure, occasioned my letter. That gentleman is taken, and I think Mr. A. will continue to occupy his place. Endeavour to be on good terms with that gentleman, I have heard well of his character in many respects, but I am told that he is not too well disposed to our Pater Patriæ, whom we both equally love and admire. I am fearful of the endeavours of England to intrigue with some of us, and although I am firmly persuaded of the strong attachment of all those who have been distinguished in the cause of independence, yet you know that an appearance of negociation, to every part of which the countries of France and Spain are not privy, must be prejudicial to our interests. I therefore took the liberty of desiring you to be attentive to every circumstance of that nature. The emissary of the British court here is doing all in his power to dessemminate jealousies. It is our business to render their intrigues, for this purpose, fruitless here and elsewhere. I had received from another quarter an item of what you communicated on the subject of the armed neutrality, but your letter was at once text and comment; and I hope that the commentator will not be deceived in the conclusions he hath drawn. The story in your gazette of the revolt in Peru is wholly discredited here. The only news I have to communicate is the appearance of M. Guichen's fleet in the vicinage of Cadiz, which is not yet public, but may be before twelve o'clock at night, when this letter will leave the post-house. The count d'Estaing hath been very active at Cadiz, and now never sets his foot on shore—a laudable example to his officers!

I beg you to take care of your health, that you may long continue a comfort to your family, to whom pray remember me in the kindest manner, and believe me always, my dear *apostle*,

Yours,

DISCIPULUS.

Write to me, under cover of Mess. D—ue's friends here, and wafer well your letters. I have just heard of the arrival of a schooner from Edenton at Cadiz, in thirty-two days, if I receive any intelligence before the post goes you shall have it.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE LAST EDITOR OF SHAKSPEARE.

To gratify the curiosity of that portion of the American public, who are solicitous to know the character and pretensions of *ISAAC REED, ESQ.* who, during the last year, published the most perfect edition of the Plays of Shakspeare which has ever appeared, the following particulars have been gleaned from an authentic European work of celebrity.

He is a Barrister of Staple's Inn, and was the learned editor of Shakspeare, in 16 vols. 8vo. 1785; of the improved edition of Dodsley's collection of Old Plays; of the edition of Biographia Dramatica, or Companion to the Play-house, which he enlarged, and continued to the year 1782; and of the improved edition of Prior's works. He has been an ample contributor to the Biographical Dictionary, 12 vols. 8vo. 1784. No man living is so well conversant in English publications, both ancient and modern, or has contributed more assistance to the literary world than this gentleman. He is the editor of that truly entertaining and instructive miscellany, the European Magazine. He has been long and assiduously employed in re-editing *JOHNSON* and *STEEVENS'S* Shakspeare, which now consists of twenty-one volumes, large 8vo. and which will be the text of the edition proposed to be published here by Mess. Maxwell and Manning.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Extracts from the Letters of an American traveller in Europe, written in 1800 and 1801.

[Continued.]

Lucerne, October 14.

MY DEAR SIR,

The town of Lucerne is one of the most beautifully situated in Swisserland, and commands a view of the lakes, and the Alps of Schwitz, Uri, and Underwald, which rise most grandly in front of it. We went this morning to see the celebrated basso-relievo of general Pfiffer, which you have often read of. It is a large plan in plaister, wax, and other such materials of sixty-two square leagues of the centre of Swisserland, in which all the mountains, glaciers, forests, towns, rivers, lakes, roads, &c. are laid down according to their proportional elevations, and coloured as in nature. It is one of the most curious things, perhaps, ever invented, and gives a perfect idea of this singular country to those who cannot penetrate into all its vallies, and ascend all its mountains. The mountains are formed of stone, taken, I am told, from the places they represent; and the lakes, rivers, and cascades, are executed in glass. General Pfiffer was employed ten years in completing it, during which time he has ascended, and accurately measured all the heights. While it was making he used to call in the peasants and painters of Chamois to make them examine if it resembled the places they were acquainted with, and wherever any difference or error was pointed out, it was rectified, so that the work is as perfect as it is possible to make it. This singular plan is twelve feet long, and nine and a half feet wide.

The lake being very calm, in the afternoon, we hired a boat, and rowed to the little island of Alstadt, on which the Abbe Raynal had erected a monument to the memory of the three founders of the Swiss republic. Unfortunately, there was too much metal in it, which last year attracted the lightning, and the whole was destroyed.

Near it is a small rock, on which stands a little chapel to St. Nicholas, the tutelar saint of boatmen. Our rowers very piously touched their hats as we passed it. These little chapels, erected to different saints, abound in Swisserland; you meet with them on every road, rock, and at the corners of streets. At most of the inns you see stuck up against the wall little statues and crosses to remind the traveller of his duty, some have little chapels decorated with ribbons and artificial flowers.

As we returned, we coasted along the Lucerne shore, and occasionally landed to ascend the heights, on which we observed the ruins of castles and watch-towers, that we might enjoy the variety of prospects, everywhere to be had along this charming lake. On one of these we found an old signal or round tower, which was used anciently by the Swiss to make a fire in order to alarm the neighbouring country on the approach of an enemy. This signal was repeated on other heights, and in this manner alarm was circulated to every canton, when the warriors armed themselves to resist an attack.

We saw upon the lake a large boat of artillery, full of cannoniers, who were transporting some brass pieces to Lucerne. The uniform of the soldiers, the noise of the drums, the dashing of the oars, and the calmness of the water, darkened by theshadows of the surrounding mountains, formed a most interesting ensemble. I am told that these cannon were used by the French, with great success, on the lake last year, when the Austrians attempted to enter this canton.

We accompanied Mr. B. one of the gentlemen we knew here, to see the cathedral, which is a handsome building, partly modern. They played the organ for us, which is considered a very fine one; the large pipe is two French feet in diameter. We were struck with a ridiculous figure of the virgin, dressed in the stiffest brocade, and with a powdered wig of many formidable curls, holding the infant Jesus, dressed pretty much in the same manner, with a round hat and crown on his head, and a bunch of full-blown artificial roses in his hand. The sanctity of the place could scarcely prevent our laughing at such *outre* objects.

The church attached to the Jesuit's college is also a handsome modern building, as is the college, and indeed all the buildings belonging to that order, who, I have observed, take good care to possess themselves of the best of every thing.

Lucerne resembles Zurich in the neatness and whiteness of its houses. Indeed, generally speaking, the houses in Swisserland are much the same in these respects; they are more substantial and convenient than elegant, and have a regularity which pleases.

All the towns are well furnished with water from public fountains. These fountains have generally a large bason of stone, or reservoir round which you always see crowds of servants washing and scowering.

A rapid river issues from the lake, and runs through the town, over which are thrown several covered bridges, and one uncovered for carriages. The great wooden bridge at the side of the lake, is a curiosity on account of its length, being, I believe, the longest in the republic.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

The muse of Anacreon is sportive without being wanton, and ardent without being licentious. His poetic invention is most brilliantly displayed in those allegorical fictions which so many have attempted to imitate, because all have confessd them to be inimitable. Simplicity is the distinguishing feature of his odes, and they interest by their innocence, while they fascinate by their beauty; they are, indeed, the infants of the Muses, and may be said to lisp in numbers.

ANACREON, ODE VI.

As late I sought the spangled bowers
To cull a wreath of matin flowers,
Where many an early rose was weeping
I found the urchin, Cupid, sleeping.
I caught the boy, a goblet's tide
Was richly mantling by my side,
I caught him, by his downy wing,
And whelm'd him in the racy spring.
Oh! then I drank the poisoned bowl,
And Love now rushes in my soul!
Yes, yes, my soul is Cupid's nest,
I feel him fluttering in my breast.

—

ODE XXXII.

Strew me a breathing bud of leaves
Where lotus with the myrtle weaves,
And, while in luxury's dream I sink,
Let me the balm of Bacchus drink!
In this delicious hour of joy
Young Love shall be my goblet boy;
Folding his little golden vest,
With cinctures, round his snowy breast,
Himself shall hover by my side,
And minister the racy tide!
Swift as the wheels, that kindling roll,
Our life is hurrying to the goal;
A scanty dust, to feed the wind,
Is all the trace 'twill leave behind.
Why do we shed the rose's bloom
Upon the cold, insensate tomb?
Can flowery breeze, or odour's breath
Affect the slumbering child of death?
No; no; I ask no balm to steep
With fragrant tears my bed of sleep;
But now, while every pulse is glowing
Now let me breathe the balsam flowing
Now let the rose with blush of fire
Upon my brow its scent expire;
And bring the nymph with floating eye
Oh! she will teach me how to die!
Yes, Cupid, ere my soul retire,
To join the blest elysian choir,
With Wine and Love and Blisses dear,
I'll MAKE MY OWN ELYSIUM here.

We here have the Poet, says his translator, in his true attributes, reclining upon myrtles, with Cupid for his cup bearer. None but Love should fill the goblet of Anacreon. Sappho has assigned this office to Venus, in a fragment, which may be thus paraphrased.

Hither, Venus, queen of kisses!
This shall be the night of blisess!
This the night, to Friendship dear,
Thou shall be our Hebe here
Fill the golden brimmer high
Let it sparkle like thine eye!
Bid the rosy current gush!
Let it mantle, like thy blush!
Venus, hast thou e're above
Seen a feast so rich in love?
Not a soul that is not mine
Not a soul that is not thine.

—

The following lines, slightly altered from a modern poem, are evincive of the poetical skill, and descriptive powers of the author, whose picture of a city Hotspur is no caricature.

Already see each school boy, prentice, clerk,
Assumes the pistol, and demands the park;
Feels every breeze the fire of honour fan,
Pants for dispute, and burns to meet his man.
See! with what terror—striking air he stalks,
At noon through high street, or the public walks;
Or if at night, with what vast swell he blocks.
Each play-house pass and bellows for his box:
With crop high frizzled, and depending glass,
Short sighted fop! to spy the crowds that pass
Booted and buskin'd, and with pliant switch
Perchance far better laid across his breech
And, most tremendous! on his beardless face
The enormous beaver, cock'd with soldier grace,
Aslant and edgewise confidently hurl'd
Inviting broils, and braving all the world.

—

Description of an old Farm-House.

Few years are gone, since, on the paddock green,
Beneath the hill, that old FARM-HOUSE was seen,
Round which the barley-mows and wheat-ricks rose,
And cattle sought refreshment and repose.
The cock, proud marching with his cackling train,
Sought the barn-door, to pick the scatter'd grain;
The trotting sow her spotted offspring led,
And gobbling turkies rear'd their crimson head.
The mistress there, and blooming daughters drest
In russet stuffs, their new-made cheeses prest,
Summon'd the swine the full repast to share,
And call'd their poultry with assidious care,
From whose increase their private fortune grew,
Their ancient right, and still acknowledg'd due;
While in the fields young master held the plough,
Form'd the square load, or trod the fragrant mow:
Familiar still, he crack'd the ready joke,
And sure applause attended all he spoke.
For change, sometimes, with unremitting care,
He led his healthful flock to pastures fair,
Along the green-wood's verge would guard the fold
From crafty foxes and marauders bold;
The helpless lambs, with tender toil, would guide
To sheltering bush, or hay-stack's sunny side:
In herbs and simples he was skill'd full well,
He taught their virtues crude disease to quell,
And, on the festive eve of shearing, heard
His praise proclaim'd, his noblest, best reward!
By rain confin'd, the sounding flail he ply'd,
Nor scorn'd the meanest labourer by his side:
All day the rustic clamour fill'd the air,
And health, content, and cheerfulness were there.

—

MATRIMONY.

A Gentleman, between 30 and 40 years of age, of good family—with a person which, if not handsome, is at least free from deformity, and a fortune of 3500*l.* exclusive of an increase of near 200*l.* per annum, arising from a genteel profession, wishes to be united to a Lady of character, an affectionate, religious, yet cheerful disposition, and equal fortune. The advertiser will not expect any engagement to be entered into till he has given the fullest and most unequivocal proof of his being what he describes himself.—Letters, post paid, addressed to L. P. Irvingham, Esq. No. 6, Southampton-court, Bloomsbury (an assumed name), will meet with attention. The strictest secrecy and delicacy will be observed.—The Advertiser will give Three Hundred Guineas to any one who will introduce him to a Lady of the above description, if a marriage be the consequence.

[*Lon. paper.*

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

A "Biography of Algernon Sydney" is inadmissible. We have no inclination to perpetuate the memory of this sort of *Patriot*, who has been already "damned to fame" by Sir John Dalrymple.

The Moorish Songs, translated by Ithacus, are extremely curious, and the ballad style which he has judiciously adopted, reminds us of the *Rio verde*, *Rio verde* so sweetly rendered by the Bishop of Dromore.

"An officer in the militia" does not know how to handle a musquet, and is, if possible, more ignorant of the rules of war, than of the rules of composition.

P. Q. is better adapted to the objects of a methodistical miscellany, than of a paper, which has no place for the absurdities of fanaticism.

The Editor wishes to obtain from some Bookseller, or reader "Descriptive sketches in verse, taken during a Pedestrian tour in the Italian, Grison, Swiss and Savoyard Alps, by W. Wordsworth, 4to. London," &c.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MOORISH SONGS.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

Several years ago I resided on the coast of Barbary, and in my leisure hours amused myself in collecting specimens of the poetry of the country. The greater part of these I have lost, but I send you translations of all that I have remaining, which may, perhaps, be acceptable as curiosities. It may be necessary to mention that as my knowledge of the Arabic was very imperfect, I was obliged to get those from whom I procured them to translate them literally into Italian, from which the following versions are done.

ITHACUS.

I.

Courier, take for me a letter,
To the lady whom I prize;
Tell her I more dearly love her
Than the light that glads my eyes.*

'Anna! Anna! I beseech you,
By the love you bear your son,
Haste to mount upon your palfrey,
Come to me, and come alone!

To my house, and to my garden,
To the †Coja's garden come!
I will meet thee there, my Anna!
I will bid thee welcome home.

This the house, and this the garden,
Where the tuneful birds repair,
Where waters from the jetting fountain
Scatter coolness through the air.

To the house and to the garden,
To the mansion of repose,
Welcome, Anna, my beloved!
Welcome, O thou blushing rose!'

II.‡

While the cheerful music sounded,
While the careless dance I trod,
They had dug the grave to hide me,
They had plotted for my blood.

Past the garden and the fountain,
Past the path is my abode,
Far, alas! too far, the city;
Murderers are upon the road.

III.

Tell me, sea of Susa! tell
If on your banks my love does dwell;
My love, whom well you might have known,
With eyes so dark, and eye-brows brown.

'Twas from my window first I spied
My love, as past he chanc'd to ride:
In gayest colours was he dress'd,
With crimson trews and yellow vest.

Before my friends, dear youth! I seem
Thy worth but little to esteem;
But in my heart (could'st thou but see)
I languish, and I die, for thee.

IV.

Sharp as fire's burning smart
Is the pain you give my heart;
But how have you that heart beguil'd?
And who has taught you so much art?
For you as yet are but a child.

Do not behind the lattice hide,
But let the window open wide,
And cease to play your wanton wiles,
For this is Lent's most solemn tide,*
And still you spread your artful toils.

* It was not easy to avoid, in this line, a similarity to a verse in Gray's Bard. The original says simply 'more than my eyes.'

† Coja literally signifies a secretary, but it is a title applied to all the great officers of the court of Tunis.

‡ This song is called 'Under the trees.' Whether this title is descriptive of the place where the scene is laid, or is the name of the tune, I do not know.

SELECTED POETRY.

[To infer the moral dispositions of a poet from the tone of sentiments which pervades his works is sometimes a very fallacious analogy, but the heart of Anacreon speaks so unequivocally through his odes, that we may consult them as the faithful mirrors of his heart.]

ODE XXXVIII.

Let us drain the nectar'd bowl,
Let us raise the song of soul
To him, the god who loves so well
The nectar'd bowl, the choral swell!
Him, who instructs the sons of earth
To thrid the tangled dance of mirth;
Him, who was nurs'd with infant Love,
And cradled in the Paphian grove;
Him that the snowy queen of charms
Has fondled in her twining arms,
From him that dream of transport flows,
Which sweet intoxication knows,
With him the brow forgets to darkle,
And brilliant graces learn to sparkle.
Behold! my boys a goblet bear
Whose sunny foam bedews the air;
Where are now the tear, the sigh?
To the winds they fly, they fly.
Grasp the bowl, in nectar sinking,
Man of sorrow, drown thy thinking!
Oh can the tears we tend to thought
In life's account avail us aught?
Can we discern, with all our lore,
The path we're yet to journey o'er?
No, no, the walk of life is dark,†
'Tis wine alone can strike a spark.
Then let me quaff the foamy tide,
And through the dance meandering glide;
Let me imbibe the spicy breath
Of odours, chaf'd to fragrant death,
Or from the kiss of love inhale
A more voluptuous, richer gale.
To souls that court the phantom Care,
Let him retire and shroud him there;
While we exhaust the nectar'd bowl,
And swell the choral song of soul,
To him the god, who loves so well
The nectar'd bowl, the choral swell!

—

Sonnet, on framing the engraved heads of MILTON and SHAKSPEARE.

Thou, who on seraph pinion dauntless flew
From heaven's high throne to hell's dominion drear
That thou might'st bring to our astonish'd view
All we now hope, with all we had to fear.
And thou, sweet bard, his only fit compeer,
Who nature's scenes in all their changes drew,
Whose fancy, unconfin'd to one wide sphere
'Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new.'

* In the original, 'For this is the month of Ramadan.'

† The brevity of life, says the translator, allows arguments for the voluptuary as well as the moralist. Among many parallel passages, which Longepiere has adduced, I shall content myself with an epigram from the Anthologia, of which the following is a paraphrase:

Fly, my belov'd to yonder stream,
We'll plunge us from the noontide beam;
Then cull the rose's humid bud,
And dip it in our goblet's flood.
Our age of bliss, my nymph, shall fly
As sweet, though passing, as that sigh,
Which seems to whisper o'er your lip
'Come, while you may, of rapture sip,'
For age will steal the rosy form,
And chill the pulse which trembles warm,
And death, alas! that hearts, which thrill,
Like yours and mine should e'er be still.

Sons of true Genius! heirs of deathless Fame!
Here shall your chosen portraitures be plac'd,
By all the graphic skill of Albion grac'd,
Albion, that sounds through Europe her acclaim,
While Europe wafts it o'er the *Atlantic* main,
And echoing millions catch the boastful strain.

—

THE NEGRO BOY.

A BALLAD.

Cold blows the wind, and while the tear
Bursts trembling from my swollen eyes,
The rain's big drop quick meets it there,
And on my bosom flies;
O pity, all ye sons of joy,
The little wand'ring negro boy.

These tatter'd clothes, this ice-cold breast,
By winter harden'd into steel,
These eyes that know not soothing rest,
But speak the half of what I feel.
Long, long I never knew one joy.
The little wand'ring negro boy.

Cannot the sigh of early grief
Move but one charitable mind?
Cannot one hand afford relief?
One christian pity and be kind?
Weep, weep, for thine was never joy:
O little wand'ring negro boy.

Is there a good that men call pleasure?
O, Osmyn, would that it were thine!
Give me this only precious treasure,
How it would soften grief like mine!
Then Osmyn might be call'd, with joy,
The little wand'ring negro boy.

My limbs these twelve long years have borne
The rage of every angry wind;
Yet still does Osmyn weep and mourn,
Yet still no ease, no rest can find!
Then death alas! must soon destroy
The little wand'ring negro boy.

No sorrow e'er disturbs that rest,
That dwells within the lonely grave,
Thou best resource, the woe-wrung breast,
E'er ask'd of heaven, or heaven e'er gave.
Ah! then farewel, vain world; with joy
I die, the happy negro boy.

—

SONG TO ELIZA.

If to mine eye, like thy fair cheek,
The rose soft pleasure could impart;
Its flow'rs with eagerness I'd seek,
And always wear it on my heart.

For where thy image loves to rest
'Twould bloom with still redoubled glow,
The panting soil that warms my heart
No kinder, gentler sun can know.

—

EPIGRAM.

To a friend on his being lampooned.

Why seem surpris'd that ribald Sly
On you his Grub-street bounty scatters?
When a full mud-cart passes by,
'Tis odds that you escape the spatters.

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